McKean County Miner.

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McKean County Miner.

L. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via, B. & R. & K. R. leaves Smethport as follows: 8.15 a. m. and arrives at 1.55 p. m.

Mail via, B. N. Y. & P. R. R. (Olean and Bradford) arrives at 7 p. m. and leaves at 7.30 p. m.

Mail via, Port Allegany leaves at 12 m. and arrives at 6.30 p. m.

Mail via, Keating Summit leaves at 12 m. and arrives at 6.30 p. m.

Kinzua Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 a. m. and departs at 2 p. m. on same days.

Sunday trains will not be looked for. Eastern Registered letters close 12 m. and 7 p. m.

Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail 9 to 10 a. m. and 12 p. m.

M. A. STRICKLAND, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 368, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. B. GALLUP, W. M.

G. M. SMITH, Secy.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bucklin Block.

SHERIDAN SHERMAN, M. W.

F. C. HAMLIN, Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post 367, G. A. R. meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bucklin Block.

F. C. HAMLIN, Adj't. H. W. WETMORE, Com.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Friday evening at Bucklin Hall.

H. W. CODDINGTON, N. G.

W. H. WETMORE, Secy.

Church Directory.

METHODIST.—E. P. SCHELL, pastor. Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning services. Class Meeting at 9½ a. m. Sunday. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock. S. S. Teachers's Meetings Friday evenings at 7 o'clock. Choir Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

BAPTIST.—E. H. CAPRON, pastor. Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 7 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m. Covenant meetings Saturday before the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every first Sunday of month.

DISCIPLES.—F. Hiram McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Additional Services 2 p. m. on the first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

St. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—J. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Services at 11.30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Incorporated Officers.

Burgess—J. C. Sheldon.
Asst. Burgess—M. L. Armstrong.
Council—A. F. Young, Wm. Hamlin, A. E. Armstrong, Sheridan Sherman, Emerson Butterworth, Wm. Ebert.
Constables—O. Wright.
School Directors—C. Sheldon, H. L. Mosier, J. W. Brennan, J. C. Hackett, W. L. Keenan, H. C. Wilson.
Auditors—H. Smith, D. Frost.
Assessors—John Pepper, T. F. Richmond.
Superintendent—J. C. Hamlin, A. B. Burbank.
Judge of Election—S. Hyland.
Inspectors—R. Patterson, O. A. Easterbrook.
Assessor—C. M. Smith.

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport, Potter Co.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport; F. W. Fuller, Bradford.
State Senator—L. Emery, Jr., Bradford.
Member of Assembly—David Sherrett, Smethport.
District Attorney—C. Mosier, Smethport.
Sheriff—A. L. White, Bradford.
Prothonotary—Philip B. Brownell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—J. W. Brennan, Smethport.
County Commissioners—M. Palmer, Hamlin City; W. S. Johnson, Bradford; A. Bixby, Smethport.
County Clerk—John D. Mountain, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners—R. Patterson, C. F. Chase.
Auditors—A. F. Brewer, F. K. Washburn, A. A. McKenna.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. K. Washburn, Pleasant Township.
County Surveyor—C. H. Rose, Bradford, Pa.
County Superintendent—A. D. Campbell.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and Third Monday of December.

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are always supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES, CONSTABLES' and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

BINGHAM ESTATE.

ROBT. H. ROSE

Is authorized to receive moneys for and also applications to buy lands. He will give information gratuitously, in any business of this kind, in Bingham County. His office is over

IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BLOCK

ROYE C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees

Williamsport, Dec. 31, 1883.

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A, Feby 21, 1879.

All persons are hereby cautioned against paying upon the unsold lands of the late estate which said property thereafter. An assignment and agency upon the lands of the estate, by any person, for any purpose, will make such person or persons liable to prosecution for trespass.

Persons who have bought or leased lands of the estate have deeds, contracts, or leases. The deeds given exact boundaries of the lands to which they refer, and the contracts and leases forever limit them to what is therein described. All claims to rights or privileges on lands or claim estate, unaccompanied by such evidence are without consideration, and will not be recognized.

ROYE C. SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

JAMES T. DONOHUE.

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Lead and Iron Pipe for Water Closet and Steam Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Kitchen Boilers, Sun Shades, Tin Ware, etc. &c.

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Surgeon Dentist,

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OFFICE—Over L. W. Mann's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty. 16tf.

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Horses boarding single or double by day, week or month, or business purposes can be furnished on any given notice.

GOOD HORSES AND STYLISH RIGS

At prices very reasonable. Passengers, Fishing and Hunting parties carried on reasonable terms.

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HAMLIN & SON.

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Advice as Counsel. Try causes in the Courts. Investigate Land Titles and Old Claims. Collect claims. Do Conveyancing to Deeds, Contracts and Leases with care and dispatch.

Notary Public in their Office.

General Agency of the Keating Lands.

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ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS.

(Office in Grand Central Block.)

SMETHPORT, PA.

JOHN C. BACKUS. SHERIDAN SHERMAN.

BACKUS & SHERMAN,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office:—Sartwell Block, Main Street.

E. L. MCKEAN,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

OFFICE:—Grand Central Hotel, Rooms 9 & 11.

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business attended to promptly.

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ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

BRADFORD, PA.

S. W. SMITH,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

(NOTARY PUBLIC.)

Port Allegany, Pa.

M. H. BUYLES,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE,

BRADFORD, PA.

GEO. A. STURGEON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Room 10, Bee Exchange,

BRADFORD, PA.

C. A. BENTLY. M. F. ELLIOTT. D. H. JACK.

BENTLY, ELLIOTT & JACK,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER.

Office in Berry's Building.

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

E. E. SYKES. A. LEO WEIL.

SYKES & WEIL,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office in Pomeroy's Hall.

Bradford, Pa.

MULLIN & MCCLURE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

Corner Main and Penn Sts.

Bradford, Pa.

JAMES C. BOYCE,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

AND COUNSELLOR IN PATENT CAUSES.

Office: Room 3, Cor. Main & Webster Sts.

Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

E. E. MAYO,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

Eldred, McKean Co. Pa.

P. R. COTTER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

P. D. KELLY, Jr.,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.

(Office in Roberts & Buckley Block.)

BRADFORD, PA.

G. ASPER. E. C. DORNAN.

SNYDER & DORNAN,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Office:—Port Allegany, McKean county, and Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.

Physicians.

F. G. BROWN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE: Rooms No. 12 and 13, Grand Central.

SMETHPORT, PA.

H. L. MCCOY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Barlow Building, Main street.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. FISHERMAN,

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Oculist,

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Office hours from 10 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 3 p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Rochester & Sons's Drug Store,

Smethport, Pa.

NAVAL BATTLES

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Boarding.

THE ELDRED BANK,

ELDRED, MCKEAN CO.

Capital Stock $50,000

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D. D. MCCARTHY, Vice President
PETER MCKEAN, Cashier

DIRECTORS:—J. D. Overturf, Sr., W. L. Chrisman, M. Flanagan, W. A. Young, J. W. Mills, D. D. Martison, W. L. Blackham.

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Stock holders individually liable.
Money loaned on approved securities.
Drafts made in general banking business, collections and all business entrusted to us, will receive prompt attention.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE.

Main St., SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

H. S. SARTWELL, - Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates reasonable.

Exchange Hotel.

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA

W. D. CHAMBERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the travelling public.

BENTON HOUSE,

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F. J. VICKERY, Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the N. Y. & E. and S. W. & P. R. R. depot. The house has recently been refitted and newly furnished in the most modern style and is now a first-class hotel.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

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S. C. SARTWELL, Proprietor

The above House has been recently Refitted, Refurnished and Restored in the latest style for the entertainment of Guests.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

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E. E. LOOKER, Proprietor.

Remodelled and refurnished, and one of the best Hotels in McKean County.

AKIN HOUSE,

No. 9, Washington St.,

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MARION AKIN, Proprietor.

Terms, $1 Per Day

Liberal terms to Commercial Travelers. Good Livery and Feed Stables connected with the House.

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First Class in every respect.

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Miscellaneous.

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDVEINT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his Barber Shop into his recently finished and commodious new Marble Front building next door to W. H. Dalley's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

☞ BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

SENDKER BROTHERS.

Anatomical Boot Makers

Recognized as the leading boot makers of the old regime.

No. 9 KENNEDY St, BRADFORD

Lasts made to fit the feet and retained for customers. Measures received for future orders. Repairing by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Goods sent to any part of the United States by mail or express. Having recently enlarged our Establishment we are now prepared to do work superior to any heretofore attempted in this section, and at prices different to any other shop. Shop formerly occupied by Sendker Brothers, Hemlock Whitepaper.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

We employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN,

And our work is WARRANTED to be of the finest possible kind.

These goods are all handmade by Smethport workmen and with Smethport material, using both Sturdevant and Carr Hay and Leather.

CALL AT OUR SHOP and see what we have you Clothespins the better by your favor can any factory in America.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa., April 25, 1883.

SELECT POETRY.

THE DOG TAX!

'Yes, I'm the Assessor, mum;
I've just called to see
What you've got to be taxed
And what you've got free.

Now, mum, you're excused;
Well, I ain't to blame
For collecting these dogses
And taxes the same.

You've a boss and a cow, mum;
Well, don't count the cow,
I don't want the earth, mum,
Or won't raise a row.

Here's a whole string of stuff, mum,
Miscellaneous and remarks,
I'll just throw 'em in, mum,
We Assessors ain't sharks.

That's all mum. Oh! no, I forgot,
Have you got any dogs?
No? Thanks, mum. Now say
If you've got any dogs?'

What, carry a dog, mum?
Well, look at my clo'es;
My coat tails' torn off,
And this scratch on my nose!

And tell me, as calls, mum—
Now be on your guard—
What the devil that was
That I met in the yard?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECLAIMED.

How slowly he walked. Poor old man! Joe Pollard, ex-president of the Statesman's bank of —polis. His coat was faded, his boots were seamed and gray, his hat greasy and quaint-patterned.

Only three years ago, and no more stately, vigorous, hale gentleman walked the streets than Joseph Pollard, Esq.; now he was 'old Joe,' and sometimes 'poor old Joe.' When he failed he was living in great splendor. People to this day point out the Pollard mansion, and tell you of its former greatness. Happily, there was no dishonor attached to his name. He had given up all: home, horses, carriage, everything that could be dispensed with.

His only daughter—named Josephine, but all her friends called her Jeddy—gave a birthday party only a week before the trouble came, on her eighteenth birthnight. Never a happier or lovlier girl than she. Universally admired and respected, bright as a sunbeam, witty, merry, generous. In all that throng of beauty, amid the flowers and the feasting, that night would have been hold indeed who could have presaged coming ill fortune.

Only one week later, and the dreadful news came. Joseph Pollard was bankrupt. The cashier had been dishonest, several large firms had gone down, and the run on the bank had completed the ruin.

The father found a place as an assistant book-keeper, but he had formed the habit of drinking at his own table. Little by little he sank into what seemed an utterly hopeless state, lost his business, his pride and almost his wife.

'My dear,' wrote Aunt Prue, when she heard of this misfortune, 'put your father away. There are plenty of places, and come and live with me. Enough for one is enough for two.'

'Aunt Prue,' wrote Jeddy, indignantly, 'I am ashamed of you. What! counsel me to put my own dear father in the poorhouse, for what other place is open to him? No. I will share his misfortunes if I have to work my fingers to the bone.'

'Jeddy, I am useless. I'm broken down and good for nothing,' whined poor Joe, day after day, as Jeddy cut and stitched her life into the work she had undertaken.

'Father, you are only fifty-eight years old,' was the answer. 'Many a man has begun life anew at your age.'

'Ah, if I only could!' he would make reply, and drink again to drown his misery.

Jeddy had carried much of her fine wardrobe with her into the poverty of her surroundings. Of course, she made over and toned down the material, but 'the look of the lady,' as one of her coarser neighbors said, was upon her, and couldn't be mistook.

Everbody pitied her when old Joe came reeling home; but few knew how patiently she put up with his infirmity, how she soothed and coaxed him, with what tenderness she anticipated his wants and even when it would seem that he was scarcely entitled to her respect, honored him.

To her, under all his wretched disguises, he was still father.

But her constant duties wore heavily upon her. She grew thin and pale, then feverish and hectic; but still she worked on.

Three times a handsome carriage and pair were seen before the door of her plain little home.

The first time a rich aunt came to remonstrate with her and offer her a home. She found her preparing the poor meal over the tiny cook-stove.

'Jeddy, you are the best girl in the world but you must go back with me, if only for awhile, and leave that man to take care of himself.'

This was after a most affectionate greeting, for Jeddy was her favorite niece.

'I couldn't leave father,' was the response.

'But I can't see you killing yourself by inches. What does he care? One person is as good as another to one who has lost all his finer sensibilities, as he has.'

'Oh, no; at times father is his old self—even at the worst,' she faltered, 'he don't forget that he is a gentleman. He never was unkind to me.'

'Fiddlesticks? Your ideas of duty are exaggerated. Come, now—don't disappoint me, take a little rest. I have come all the way from L—— on purpose to carry you back, and the last words your cousin Kitty said, as I left her, were:

'Mother, don't fail to bring Jeddy back, I want to see her.'

Tears came to Jeddy's brave eyes as she reiterated:

'I cannot leave father.'

'And here you are, losing all your beauty—all your advantages, and even your health—I can see it! For your father's sake, you ought to go. It would make a new creature of you to see old sights, and old faces, and to live a while like a christian. Why, child the walls are damp; how do you live?'

'It isn't living, aunt. It's only existing,' said Jeddy, trying to smile; but that I can't help, while father lives. There's nobody in all this wide world to care for him but me. I know I might live in ease and comfort if I went with you; and, oh, sometimes my heart does long so for a little of the old time joy! It would be like looking into paradise—but—I can't leave father.'

There sounded a heavy sigh. Both women turned round to see the old, gaunt man in the doorway, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he held forth his trembling hands as if in benediction.

'Go, Jeddy, go, angel—don't stay for me—I'm not worth your care,' he said pitifully.

But Jeddy thought differently. Long after the splendid carriage had gone, she sat there holding the gray head against her shoulder, soothing and petting him and lendiage willing ear to his promises of amendment.

The second carriage brought a stylish young gentleman, with whom her friends had often coupled her name. He came with an offer of marriage, but Jeddy gave him the same soft but determined reply. 'I couldn't leave father,' and he, too, went away, discomfited.

The third carriage contained one who had always been a friend, also a young gentleman, who had lately returned from a foreign tour.

He asked no questions and expressed no great surprise, though the change he saw affected him painfully. But, like a true friend, he resolved to aid both father and daughter.

To this purpose he followed the former, and quietly tried to hinder him from the abuse of his appetite, and gradually gained his confidence.

Then he told him how sadly the change in his daughter had troubled him.

'Change!' exclaimed old Joe, 'how is she changed?'

'Is it possible you do not see that she is at death's door?'

'What do you mean? At death's door—my child—my angel? You will kill me! What have I but her?'

'You have God, and He will help you to redeem yourself. If you do that, your daughter will live, if you do not she will die.'

That night old Joe went home full of doubts and fears. He watched his child, sick at heart from the news he heard.

'I can make her live—and I will!' he said, resolutely to himself. 'I am not an old man yet'—lifting his bowed head—'with God's help I will be a new one!'

He went to the curb outside and broke his pocket flask in a hundred pieces. The next day he came home sober: the next, he had found a place—a small one, it was true, but in the old bank where he had once reigned master. Everybody saw the change. Old Joe had new clothes, he was respectable to outward seeming. Once more he became a man among men. His knowledge of the business, his integrity, gained him a better position. Day by day he took steps upward—day by day the color and brightness came into his daughter's face and her step grew light and her tones joyful.

It seems like a miracle, but is not, that old Joe rides in his own carriage again. He is Mr. Pollard again, cashier of the bank, and a power among his fellows. It was just trusting in God and God helping him as he helped himself. But the best of all is, his glorious daughter by sacrificing herself, by her noble fortitude, by her patient care, has one place in his heart, and in the hearts of all who know her, prouder and more enduring than the throne of a queen.

WHAT will Brown's Iron Bitters cure? It will cure heart disease, paralysis, dropsy, kidney disease, consumption, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all similar diseases. Its wonderful curative powers is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation and by building up the system, drives out all disease. For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject it is invaluable. It is the only preparation of iron that does not color the teeth, or cause headache.

The Oldest Clock in The World.

Boston Globe.

An old clock, probably the oldest in the world, is now in the possession of Lewis Jones, the undertaker, at No. 50 Lagrange street. It is called the 'Mycall Clock,' from having been brought over from London, by John Mycall, who settled in Cambridge in 1740, and who about that time was editor of a Boston paper. In 1793 Mr. Mycall moved to Newburyport, and presented the clock to his intimate friend, Benjamin Dearborn, the inventor of the balance scales, if he would name his son John Mycall Dearborn. On the death of the elder Dearborn it came into the possession of the younger, who in turn gave it to his son, Robert Chase Dearborn. In 1861 it was sold at auction, when Mr. Jones became its purchaser. This antique time piece plays eight tunes and is in perfect running order, keeping excellent time, the works being of hammered brass and the case constructed of rare fine woods. It cost when new, 250 guineas, or almost $1200.

How a Poet Got Even With an Editor.

John Lang, the editor of the New York *Gazette* having once alluded to McDonald Clarke, the poet, as "that fellow with zigzag brains," the insulted poet rushed into the sanctum of the *Commercial*, then conducted by Colonel Stone, blazing with fury.

"Do you see, Colonel," said he, "what Johnny Lang says of me? He calls me a fellow with zigzag brains."

"Yes, and so you are," said the Colonel, "I think in a very happy description of you."

"Oh, that's all very well for you to say," retorted McDonald, "I'll take a joke from you, but Johnny Lang shall not destroy my hard-earned reputation. Zigzag brains, forsooth! Now, I must have a chance to reply to him in your paper."

"About how much space do you want in the paper?"

"Well, I think I could use him up in about a column and a half," said McDonald.

"A column and a half," said the Colonel. "Stuff! You shall have no such space. I'll give you just four lines, and if that will answer, fire away; but note it me more."

The poet being thus driven into a narrow corner, immediately sat down and in an instant wrote off the following neat epigram:

"I am told Johnny Lang is in the way of a laugh,
In reply to his rants and unmannerly screed,
That to say humble cusses it is better by half
To have brains that are zigzag than no brains at all."

"There, now, Colonel," said he, "let Johnny Lang put that in his pipe and smoke it."

Dr. GRAVES' Heart Regulator cures all forms of heart disease, nervousness and sleeplessness.

MEN OF NOTE.

Who They Are—Where They Are—What is Said of Them.

Ex-Senator David Davis is now president of the Illinois state bar association.

Jay Gould's family are now at Charleston S. C., preparing to join the yacht Atlanta.

Gen. McCrook, secretary of the senate, has made no removals as yet and only one appointment.

Secretary Lincoln is much careworn, and the partial absence of his usual full, bushy beard aids his appearance of thinness.

Mathew Arnold, on his return to England, will be secretary of the education department, at the salary of $10,000 per anum.

Mrs. James Fiske, Jr., the accomplished widow of the phenomenal business man, is said to be in needy circumstances at Boston.

Postmaster General Gresham is a very polished man. Even the gray of his hair is as glossy as his silk hat, and his smile is a shiny one.

Ex-President Cattell, of Lafayette College, is resting and slowly but surely regaining his health in Switzerland. His wife is with him.

Lord Lansdowne, the new governor general of Canada, is afraid of the Fenians. His proposed visit to Niagara Falls has been postponed to an indefinite period.

Mr. Blaine thinks that with $125,000 on the sale of his book and $50,000 a year as President he will be able to occupy his own house in Washington before a great while.

The father of Senator Allison, of Iowa, who died last week at the age of 85, had been a life long abstainer from the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors, and never had been afflicted with any disease.

The Country Editor.

The country editor has a hard road to travel. He is the reporter, book-keeper, mechanical superintendent, business-manager, mailing machine, and soliciting agent of the establishment. His work is hard, his receipts small and his creditors numerous. In a small town an editor has to steer his course so as to avoid giving offence to different circles of society, the religious denominations, the business community, and the rural population. If an influential old farmer wants a three column notice of his new barn it must appear or the editor may lose a hundred subscribers. Patchwork quilts, big beets and phenomenal eggs also clamor for space in the columns of the country paper. In the course of time the rural scribe becomes either jocose or morose, but, in either frame of mind he continues to make friends who demand free advertising and enemies who work against him.

The country editor is always getting ready to abandon journalism for something else, but he rarely carries out his threat. He generally dies in harness. In some wild communities editors occasionally meet with rough treatment. Sometimes they are driven out of the county, and when other methods of getting rid of them fail, they are sent to the legislature. The city editor gets a good deal of fun out of the country editor's work, but the man who bears the burden regards it as a serious business. And in the best sense it is serious. The little ideal weeklies scattered all over the country are in their way potential factors of civilization. They develop their localities, bring their resources before the public, and in a manner educate their readers. They are always on the side of the churches, the schools, progress and reform. Men who live and die working for such objects are public benefactors and deserve a substantial reward.

A Crooked Car Conductor.

William B. Pettit, one of the Pullman palace car conductors on the Pennsylvania railroad line between New York and Washington, arrested last week at Philadelphia on the charge of defrauding the former company, was given a final hearing on Monday last and committed to await a requisition from New Jersey. Evidence was presented showing that on the defendant's train of November 26th, 16 passengers were in the Pullman car and nine more entered at Baltimore and that Pettit returned but 18 fares for that trip.

She, Likewise, Was Sincere.

'One word,' she said, 'before we part,' and her bright eyes glowed in the mellow light of the turn-down light. 'Are you sincere?'

'I am sincere,' he replied, in tones whose truthfulness could not be doubted by any one, save the most confirmed pessimist.

'Then you cannot give me a palace by Lake Como?' and she looked into his eyes as if she would read his inmost soul.

'I cannot,' he answered.

'Not even a brown-stone front?'

'No.' There was a wonderful firmness, a don't-you-forget-it-ness in the tone in which this momentous monosyllable was spoken.

'Not even a cottage in the suburbs?'

'Not even that, darling.' There was an anguish in his accents that indicated a mind wholly given up to the gnawing inroads of a sharp-toothed despair.

'What can you offer me, then?' she asked: 'what can you offer as an incentive to induce me to become your bride?'

'A share in $7 a week, with a prospect of a rise next spring.' He said this with all the deep conviction of a man who knows just how he stands.

'It is sufficient,' she said, with a smile. 'I am yours, Algernon. A half loaf is better than no bread."—*Ex.*

Youth and Age.

The time for action is in our youth. It is then that we gather in the grapes. With freckled faces, sunburnt hands and bare feet we wander from vine to vine, from trellis to trellis in the very exhuberance of childish glee and spirits. In age we quietly sit in the shade, and while the hours away in conversation with our friends while we sip the wine, which is the better for the long years which have passed since the vintage. In youth we should learn wisdom. It is thus we should sow the seeds which are to bear fruit for the future. We should be taught that Peruna is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and that it has worked some wonderful cures. There is a book which can be procured at the drug stores, which tells you all about Peruna, which is given as a tonic. It is the medicine. It is entitled the "Ills of Life." Ask for it, and read it through, and then buy Peruna and you will never regret it. Send to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a book on the "Ills of Life," gratis.

An Enormous Collection of Cats.

In 1869 there came to Hawkinsville, from Charleston, S. C., two well-dressed gentlemen. One of them was very stingy and close, the other was the reverse, liberal and free with his money, and the greatest lover of fun I had ever seen. Two weeks before Christmas he caused to be printed a number of handbills as follows:

WANTED—500 CATS TO IMPORT TO London, as the rats are about to undermine the great city. I want them delivered here on Christmas Day.

From all points of the compass came negroes with sacks and wallets of cats. They hung them on the shade trees, on fences, in fact look where you might, and a sack of cats greeted you. Fifty cents for grown cats, twenty-five cents for half-grown and ten cents for kittens had been offered. The bad boys about town (myself one of them) began, at a signal, to cut the strings and let loose the cats. Of course, a great many dogs were in town, and the fur flew. About 11 o'clock an old man named Barney Williams, living near Hartford, came across the river with an ox cart, minus the body, but an eight by ten long square basket, filled with cats of all ages, colors, sexes and sizes. He stopped in front of Bohannon's Hotel. After short search he found the man who wanted the cats, who appeared very anxious to secure the lot, and trying to peer into the basket, he cut the rope holding the quilt covering to the basket and out flew the cats, about forty. They went pell mell under the houses, into the bushes and every conceivable place to hide. The old man Williams was very mad, for he had been two weeks gathering up the surplus felines of his neighborhood. There was no sleep for many nights in old Hawkinsville. The best judges estimated that not less than 2000 cats had been turned loose on that occasion.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Artemus Ward In New Orleans.

'What was the question, colonel, you wished to put to friend Brown?' said the proprietor, whose ruddy countenance shone with pleasure.

'Well, simply this; partly for my own satisfaction and partly to answer those who have asked me: Pray, Mr. Brown, did you fight against us during the war?'

This was uttered in all sober earnestness. We felt that it was out of place; and yet we couldn't help admiring the colonel's genuine honesty and simplicity of purpose and feeling.

Artemus' eyes twinkled, although his face was composed and his manner serious, as he answered: 'Since I came south, colonel, I have been frequently asked that question. Permit me to answer in my own fashion.' He drew himself up and folded his arms. We drew closer around him, anxious to hear the humorist for once express himself seriously.

'I did my duty faithfully, colonel, by sending a substitute to the war. I have never met him since. Doubtless, he will yet return to his family to draw a pension in my place. I was therefore excused from any further active service. But I always openly proclaimed it!'—here he was exceedingly impressive—'that as long as General Lee kept away from me I would keep away from him. I would never go after him. But I said, nevertheless, repeatedly and without concealment, that if ever General Lee and his 50,000 men came marching into Northwest New York state, where my old mother and I lived, on my humble homestead, and the Gen. was to order his 50,000 men to attack my homestead, I did say, as I said before, that I would send my old mother to the rear; and I would take down my grandfather's old musket, and I'd load her up with buckshot, and then I'd send General Lee word; and then if he and his 50,000 men didn't retreat, I would attack every man of them, and follow them to the Potomac! And you see colonel, General Lee must have heard of this, for he never once came near me.'

Amid the burst of laughter which followed he departed, and I never saw him again.—*Manhattan Magazine.*

Winter Festivities.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Get on your wraps dearest, and we'll go out."

The fair one's eyes sparkled with the excitement of anticipation as she exclaimed:

"And you have got a double sleigh, of course, Charley, with three horses hitched abreast, Russian style, silver-mounted harness and dark buffalo robes, and we will go out for a dash through Harlem lane?"

"Well—ahem, not exactly," returned Charley. "We'll walk to the Park for a slide."

Willing to Learn.

An old negro and his son call on the editor of the Arkansaw *Traveller*.

'I wants my son ter work in yer office, sah.'

'What can he do?'

'Oh, at fust he kain't do nuthin' but edick yer paper, but arter awhile, when he learns mo' sense, he kan black yer boots an' sweep de flo'.'

Had Seen Five Generations.

Senator Wade Hampton's aunt, Caroline Hampton Preston, recently died in South Carolina. She was 89 years of age and had seen five generations of Wade Hamptons. The first was a general in the revolution, his son a major general in the war of 1812, but resigned because a northern man was placed over him on the northern frontier. His son Wade was father to the present senator, who is the last of his race, for his son of the same name died three years ago, leaving no children.

Wonderful Cures.

The press of the country is filled with wonderful cures which have transpired through the agency of some medicine in their immediate neighborhood. Some of these have some foundation, but a great number have no better basis than the flighty imagination of the writer. The following case, however, is without precedent, and anyone is given the privilege of writing to the submitter and finding if he tells the truth.

ERIE, Pa.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but feel it my duty to express, before your departure from our city, my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine Peruna. One bottle placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedy the cause was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well. N. J. WRIGHT,
Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie.

For a pamphlet on the "Ills of Life," address Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio, they will send it free of charge.

The Firm Mother.

'Come here to me,' said a firm mother to her son. 'Now, didn't I tell you that I would whip you if you went down town?'

'Yessum,' standing on one foot.

'What made you go?'

'Cause,' standing the other foot.

'Didn't you know I'd whip you?'

'Yessum,' showing by his manner that he didn't.

'I'm a great mind to wear you out. If you go outside the yard again to-day I'll whip you.'

In ten minutes afterwards she sees him playing in the street, and calls him. He comes reluctantly.

'Didn't I tell you I'd whip you if you went outside the yard?'

'Yessum.'

'Why did you go?'

'Cause.'

'Cause, what?'

'Oh, cause.'

'You good for nothing little rascal. I'm a great mind to wear you out. If you go outside this yard again to-day I'll whip you if it's the last act of my life. You understand?'

'Yessum.'

After a while she sees him again playing in the street, and calls her child to her and says:

'Never mind. I'll tell your pa when he comes.'

'Yessum.'

Burdette's Temperance Talk.

Robert J. Burdette made the following temperance talk at Buffalo:

Just quit. Without oath, resolution, or promise. Simply quit. If you have a young man's weakness for wine, beer or whisky, as the railroad man says, 'shut her off.' Simply quit it. Stop it. Leave it off. There is no trouble about it. Let me tell you there is no harm in whisky. It does not and can not hurt you, if you don't drink it. That's all you have to do. Don't be a faustic. Don't be a reformer. Don't be a prohibitionist lunatic. Just simply don't drink, and all the whisky in America can't make you drunk if you don't drink any of it. Whisky never yet hurt a man who didn't drink it.

None But First-Class Goods.

In Watches, Jewelry and Silverware one should have the best or none. Messrs. THURLY & CO., Chicago, are making a specialty of fine goods, and if you need anything in Watches, in dust-and water proof cases, Solid Silver or Triple Plated Ware, Solid Gold or Rolled Gold Jewelry, send to Shurly & Co., they will send a single article at the dozen price. They are vouched for and endorsed by the United States Express Co., American Express Co., Southern Express Co., F. W. Palmer, Postmaster of Chicago, Gen'l Geo. C. Smith, Ex-State Treasurer, and many others. Goods sent on approval, with privilege of examination, enabling you to do your purchasing at home. Remember, Shurly & Co., 77 State St., Chicago, Ill. SEND FOR THEIR NEW AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Nov. 29 83-4m.

Facts For Married Folks.

At the request of many of our readers, says the New York *Journal*, the following order of weddings is published for perusal:

At the end of the first year—Cotton wedding.
Second year—Paper wedding.
Third year—Leather wedding.
Fifth year—Wooden wedding.
Seventh year—Woolen wedding.
Tenth year—Tin wedding.
Twelfth year—Silk and Linen wedding.
Fifteenth year—Crystal wedding.
Twentieth year—China wedding.
Twenty-fifth year—Silver wedding.
Thirtieth year—Pearl wedding.
Fortieth year—Ruby wedding.

The McKean County Miner.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

[illegible]

Smethport Pa. June 9th, 1883.

[illegible] Democratic [illegible] Tuesday next [illegible] by 32 [illegible] Uniform [illegible] Council [illegible] Council [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic [illegible] Democratic

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 18, 1884

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If it is wrong, the address of your paper changed, or the date is not right, you will do us a favor by calling our attention to it.

If you want your paper discontinued, you are required to notify us of it, otherwise it will be sent. Remember that you are responsible for the payment of your subscription, whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every week a paper, every month and the publication which has made itself the most popular.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—The county auditors are still in session.

—The ice men have no more complaints of the lack of ice.

—Mumps—bloated and unblemished as Miss Nasby's.

—February 16th is the day on which the annual spring elections will be held.

—The hotels have been well patronized this week, and the bar-tenders smile once more.

—Our local telegraph and telephone operators have not employed anything of a profane nature this week.

—Hats, Bonnets, &c., no less than cost for the next thirty days at Mrs. Nash's. Call early and secure bargains.

—The McKean Miner is as full of pluck and as outspoken as ever, and is what always a good paper.—Pittsfield Mail.

—The Bradford Era which is one of Gil Wolf's new trifle is an encouragement to the scores of employees, to say the least

—The Grand Army of the Republic has now on its rolls a quota of a hundred members in good standing.

—Armenian Presbyterians will commemorate this year the seventh centenary of their organization as this country.

—The survivors of the B. R. & K. disaster have passed through an experience that will always harass its memory while life exists.

—We are pleased to learn that the children of Orrell and Stanley Wilcox of Rossmore township who contracted the scarlet fever last week, are recovering.

—Some one says the reason there is plenty of gas to be had through here this week is that it is coal week. So many lawyers in town, you know.

—About 2,000,000 feet of logs are being put in for Bailey Brook, mill from Mar vin Creek mail about 600 rains quantity for M'Kennan's mill at Lafayette from the various vicinity.

—Miss Brown's Lavender, Chambray, and a full line of Window Goods, call at Mrs. Nash's, as she is closing out her entire stock and will not order the present large stock of goods.

—The subpoena of the accused at Mr. M. Smith next Tuesday will be as follows: 10 30 a. m., "The Model Prayer Meeting;" 2 p. m., "The Second Methodist Minister."

—The silver and fine showed unstinted care and prudence in handling the horrible disaster on the B. R. & K. The accounts in both papers were well written, covering all the facts in the case.

—Mr. Vesper is not dead yet. He was true as to greatest that "the latter part of January will be mild but February rigors cold and stormy." We venture to say that Mr. Vesper is a liar.

—Well, a horrible railroad disaster like that of Tuesday every day the daily papers of Bradford would have a bonanza. Things is to be hoped that they may not often be thus favored in the way of news.

—The directors of this county, outside of the city of Smethport will vote on the question of a county poor house. The question should be decided with understanding and without prejudice.

—At Vend a skiff will the start down on the cycling course, when about 100,000 feet will be sawed for Smethport, and Mr. Jackard will also put in and saw about 800,000 feet from his own timber lands after passing the bend.

—Fifty fifty Shows were kept here Tuesday evening. Two hundred would have found ready sale, no paper were the people on the news of the railroad disaster. Nearly 500 three were sold on our streets the next morning.

—The next lecture on Pilgrim's Progress will be given at the Baptist church next Sunday evening, comprising the 4 spot cards of Kingdom, their discourse with Ignorance and their enquiry into the circumstance of one Temporary

—Cheesgear has fully three and a half million feet of sound Lumber on the hand yesterday yard in Gifford's mill yard. At the present, prices it is under considerable to keep it than to sell it, probably. But it represents a goodly sum of money even at present prices.

—While it is possible that the railroad company may be held legally liable for damage arising from the accident of Tuesday it is clear that the owners of the cars of oil—The Anchor Oil Company—are responsible and should be held to the railroad company

—The gas ball seem to making his appearance. It is said that the company proposes to collect full rates from the three consumers were made without regard as supply or necessarily supplement al wood and coal bills. But why not make the consumers pay full rates from the time the charter was granted? It would be just reasonable and honest.

—Mr. Wishard W. Howard, a few years ago one of the reporters on the Pittsburgh Star, or of about the journalistic ladder very rapidly. He has recently severed his connection with the Philadelphia Times, with which paper he has been a year or two, and accepted a responsible position on the New York Times. Although a young man of more than average ability, his success is due principally to his industry, thorough conscientiousness, good habits and the fanciful discharge of every duty. Such merits will always win, and the lack of them is the cause of many a have unfortunately succumbed to "luck."

—The Illinois Advocate says that the graduate of publishing wood cuts, supposed to be portraits of prominent persons is weekly, Sunday and some daily papers is growing to such proportions that very few people of any public note are safe from imposition. No one likes to have his features distorted into any thing which the originators of the engraver may invent for the occasion and have it published throughout the country, looking as if the original had been struck by lightning or hanged for horse-stealing. In many and be generally known by the public that these cuts are made by only persons, who ship them around to the right class of papers by the hundred. They are usually accompanied by short descriptions of the good, bad or indifferent characteristics of those, of the original, as the case may be. There is nothing objectionable about these and certainly nothing malevolent.

Mere Foolishness.

The stockholders of the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad have elected Seth Clinton Garrison president, in place of Mr. Jones, resigned. Mr. Gardner was formerly superintendent of the Pennsylvania railroad, and is now general manager of the Mexican National.

Wishard vs. Howard.

The case of Detective Wishard against W. U. Howard chairman of the democratic state committee, brought because of the refusal of the latter to pay a reward offered by him for conviction of violators of the election laws, was ruled out to arbitrators and the evidence taken this week Argument is deferred until next Thursday evening.

Lost at at Last.

Our friends at Port Allegany have been very desirous that their pastor, he should be made a money order office, and at seems strange that it was not done long ago. As soon as Congressman Brown's attention was called to it he made it his business to apply to the department personally and secured the appointment at once, to take effect, as it will much charges, at the end of the fiscal year

Smooth Gas.

The Smethport Gas Company have been sinking their No. 2 well deeper, and while they did not strike oil they did a good deal better by striking gas at a depth of 1,125 feet. The flow of gas is more than they looked for, and it is now believed that the supply will be ample for all consumers and that hereafter there will be no cause of complaint because of lack of that commodity in the borough

Lindermanville.

Mr. Philip H Lindermann, business manager of the Era and proprietor of the Sunday News, of Bradford, was married to Bertha Wednesday evening, to Miss Clara Cline of that city The bride is described as a lady of refinement, culture and many charming attributes. We had supposed that Phil was a confirmed bachelor and are convinced that the lady who could overcome him so successful and whose must possess and those graces and more who will be gladly welcomed in Bradford's social circles of which she is no mean popular or respected members than her self That both may be blessed with a long life of happiness and prosperity is our prayer.

Dangerous Sport

We are boys but no, and all among able factories should be loved the boys to enjoy the careless and happy days of youth while in the possession of it. But when their sports become a source of danger to the inhuman hand of themselves and others it is time to put a stop to such some practices. A favorite coasting place with the boys now is the Fulton street as it leads from King to Water streets. Early in the evening the sleds fly across the most frequently traveled portions of Main street with the speed of an express team and wagons, warning to passers, and it is only providential that no one has been injured seriously. The borough authorities can stop it, and they ought to do it.

The Darling Bequests.

A portion of the legal heirs of the late Paul Darling as has been generally known, entered proceedings to contest the will of the deceased, that part of the instrument bequeathing different sums to benevolent objects being attached. We now learn that a compromise has been effected by those interested, and that the executors of the estate, Messrs. A. L. Gordon and J. R. Henderson, will proceed to carry out the wishes of the testator as set forth in his will.—Brookville Republican

PERSONAL MENTION

C F Kittredge is confined to his room by illness.

A W Williams is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism

Miss Ella Freeman is slowly but surely recovering from her severe illness.

Mr L. Rogers has been spending the week in Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Miss Nellie Lasher, a niece of L J Lasher, is visiting Miss Ethel Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. J J Newman, of Ke Ja lo, are visiting relatives and friends in the borough.

L J Lasher arrived in town on Monday after a prolonged absence in the eastern and southern states.

Prothonotary Beardsley is confined to his room by illness, and Hugh P Beardsley is acting as clerk of the court this week

Charles K Kane, eldest son of the late Gen. T L Kane was in town the week He informs us that his father is very sick and it is feared that his illness may prove fatal.

G T Berens the "Raven," is in town selling Pianos to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." The opera house being closed this week his entertainments are very timely

Clayton Backus, son of Hon J C Backus, has been seriously ill for several days with inflammation of the bowels. He is now convalescent, and it is hoped will ultimately recover

Hon. W S. Brownell and his son George are having all the comforts of a McKean county winter by their healthy stay in Florida. They report good health and enjoyment and make no doubt of return.

From this morning's Era we learn that Senator Emery, accompanied by Senator Grady, of Philadelphia, a member of the legislative committee recently in session in Bradford, will visit Smethport to-day.

Mrs. Nash left for Harrisburg on Tuesday, where she will spend the rest of the winter. Miss Belle Mullin will have charge of her millinery and ladies' furnishing goods establishment during her absence.

Hon. Henry Hamlin has to repeat the story of his escape from the burning railroad train on Tuesday to curious and interested enquirers nearly every hour He can never forget the horrible scene, although he escaped harmless and almost unscathed.

T. H. Mahon seems to take kindly and naturally to the duties of the treasurer's office. He is not only fully competent to discharge the duties of the office, but is a genial pleasant fellow whom we gladly welcome as a temporary colleague at least. No one is sorry to see him in charge of the treasurer's office, except it may be the fellows who wear the deputyship and thought they ought to have it.

The two journalistic Andrew Jacksons, A. J. Carr, of the Mail, and A. J. Hughes, of the Reporter paid their respects and compliments to this office by a visit on Tuesday. Both seem to be well fed, happy and prosperous. We had not the assurance to ask them their business at the monthly rent, but assume that like their illustrious namesake they had an eye to the "spoils."

A HORRIBLE DISASTER

A Terrible Accident on the B., R. and K. Railroad Near Tarport.

THE TRAIN ENVELOPED IN FLAMES.

Three Women Burned to Death and Many Injured—A Runaway Train Shrouded in Fire—Heart-Rending Incidents and Miraculous Escapes.

At about 11 a. m. on Tuesday the startling news was flashed over the wires that the morning train going into Bradford had caught fire, been thrown from the track, and entirely burned with great loss of life It was several hours before any definite facts could be obtained, and although they were not as horrible as first reported, they were sufficient to blanche the cheek of the coolest nerved From eye-witnesses and the reports of the daily papers we gather the following account

The regular morning train leaving Wellsville at 6 a. m. and connecting with the train leaving Smethport at 7:45 at Kenzua Junction, was running on schedule time at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour At about 9 o'clock the train reached a point about a mile this side of Tarport and about three miles this side of Bradford, where the grade is 130 feet to the mile. Situated about 150 feet from the railroad track and above it on the steep hillside was a 150-barrel tank on the Archer oil company's lease on the Buchanan farm Oil escaped in some manner from the tank run upon and along the railroad track being more or less corroded by the snow it is thought, and made its way, following the track to a distance of nearly 1,500 feet down the grade in considerable quantities. The engineer caught sight suddenly upon the oil, of enough to be stored in quantities to create alarm that he could not stop. The gas immediately caught from the fire in the locker and the flames spread along the oily pathway with the rapidity of lightning, so that the train ran through a fiery pathway for several hundred feet, sprinkling the burning oil upon the cars, and after the train had become uncontrollable kept his course for beyond the long pool of oil until being derailed, it plunged off the curve into the ditch

There were fully thirty passengers on the train, including several ladies and children. The first warning was a loud report as the gas from the oil came in contact with the fire in the locker and a sheet of fire sprang, and enveloping the train ran far ahead of it. Traveller was appalling, and one or two observers describe it as the most terrible sight they ever saw in their lives. Only the smoke stack of the engine was visible as it dashed along, drawing the burning train, while a mass of smoke and flame towered high aloft. The fire ran like a sweet down the track and in the chaos of it the train flew along like a block of flame After it had passed the blazing extent of track continued to run until out of sight along a bend with the accompaniment of shrieks of women and children which would have pierced the stoutest heart.

The engineer, Patrick Sexton, exhibited all the coolness of a veteran and the courage of a hero. Although fatally exposed to the terrible heat which scorched his lungs and roasted his flesh, he did not lose his presence of mind. His first thought was to save the engine, but seeing that it would be death for all to halt in that baptism of petroleum flames, ran on until roasting flesh and exquisite agony compelled him to jump if he would live With a last despairing effort he reversed the engine opened the throttle wide and jumped, but not until his hands, as he handled the lever fairly roasted so that the flesh was actually dropping from them Then he leaped into the snow, whereas his fireman had preceded him, but the train still sped down a grade 130 feet to the mile The fire of course instantly destroyed the hose connecting the air brakes of the cars and rendered them inoperative

No words can describe the horror of the scene in the passenger coach. The fire thus graphically describes it As soon as the passenger coach entered the blazing pool the windows crashed and columns of fire eagerly entered for their prey In less time than it takes to describe it the interior of the car became unappreciable to life and the instinct of self preservation among in every heart, forced men to frantic struggles for life. While some rushed for the doors, others sought liberty by way of the windows, and squeezed easily through the narrow apertures. The train from all accounts, was tearing along at a tremendous rate, and the flames roared through the car, gaining strength by the impetus given by a down grade and a brisk breeze To jump was like leaping into a solid wall of fire, but gladly did the frightened souls avail themselves of the poor opportunity Providentially the snow was deep and received all kindly, otherwise these would have been many broken bones and mangled bodies. According to the stories of the survivors it was but a few moments ere the car was ablaze at all but three persons, whose poor charred bodies were all that remained of two married ladies and an unfortunate girl. In the wake of the rushing fiery train were victims rolling and tossing in the snow to cool the agony of frightful burns. After running half a mile the car jumped the track on a reverse curve, alighting on its back on a ditch and dragging the baggage car almost across it. The coach, burned to the level of the trucks, remained partly on the track.

THE VICTIMS.

The list of killed and wounded was finally completed as follows.

KILLED.

Jones, Miss Estella, of Rew.

Mosier, Miss Hattie, of Allen's, near Auburn aged 26 years.

Fair, Mrs. L. C., of Kinzua Junction, aged 32 years

INJURED.

Fawcett, Percy, Fireman, of Tarport, so severely burned that he died Wednesday evening from the effects of the shock and his injuries.

Sexton, Patrick, of Wellsville, N. Y., engineer, terribly burned about the head, face and hands. The skin of his right hand came off like a glove. It is believed that he will recover.

Townsend, Frank, of Wellsville, N. Y., conductor, very severely burned about the face, but will recover.

Wallis, Michael, of Wellsville, N. Y., fireman, terribly burned on the face and hands, but will recover.

Dillehay, W. H., grocer, Alton, middle aged, suffering severely from shock and a rib on the right side broken.

Black, Mrs., Alton, burned about face and hands, not seriously.

Black, Gideon, Alton, face and hands painfully burned.

Black, Miss Lenora, Alton, burned about scalp, hands and arms.

Hackerty, Jeremiah, Wellsville, N. Y., painfully burned about the head.

Parker, E. E., Delton, very painfully burned about head and face, but will be all right.

Wilson, C. C., Colville, old city man, burned about face, hands and top of head; confined to bed.

McCarthy, George, newsboy, Wellsville, N. Y., badly burned about the face and hands and confined to bed.

Bannon, Mrs. Thos., Bradford, burned about face and neck.

Chaffe, E. B., Bradford, painfully burned

Hepburn, Charles, captain messenger, burned about hands.

Carpenter, A. N., Little Genesee, N. Y., hands burned.

Donovan, Jenny, brakeman, Bradford, hands sun.

Mowen, John, Alton burned about face and hands.

Van G. W., wife and son, Indianapolis, so fatally burned, the boy seriously.

Fletcher, F P., Bolivar, burned about face and hands.

Earley B. C., Andover, N. Y., head, face and hands burned.

Ten year old daughter of W. E. Proctor, Tarport, burned about the face, but not seriously

A number of others whose names could not be learned were slightly injured.

Hon. H Hamlin, of the borough, was in the passenger coach He says that as soon as they entered the fire he at once recognized it as an oil fire, and as the heat was so intense as to almost suffocate him he dropped down on the floor, believing that to be the safest place. He remained there until the train was through the fire but observing that the coach was entirely in flames and the train constantly increasing in speed, he saw there was but one chance for life and a small one at that, and at once threw himself through an open window He landed in the snow and escaped without a scratch

THE DEAD.

The corpses of the three women who were burned were so frightfully disfigured that it seemed almost impossible that they could be identified.

Miss Moran perished as she was clinging to the inside of a rear window of the coach Even after death the hands which were raised to a catch held upon the car in some mysterious manner until it jumped the track and the corpse was thrown in a sitting posture in the snow The clothes were burned off the body and identification was only possible to her brother Mr Robert Moran, by means of a necklace and bracelets, about the only things besides the body which were not consumed Evidently her death had been of the most frightful description as she was carried along by the running train, fighting for life until the last breath left her harassed, distorted body.

There were very sad circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Sadie B., wife of Mr Lew C. Fair, in the Union oil company's employ. She had only been married two years. Her remains were identified by a fragment of clothing which survived the flames.

It was some time before the third lady was identified as the wife of Mr Levino Jones, in the employ of Hon. W. W Brown on his lease near Row City She started for Bradford Tuesday morning, and after the accident was missing Mr. Jones was sent for and by some slight trace is enabled to say that it is the corpse of his wife Mrs. Jones was a sister of the Ferris Bros., well known operators.

Prof F F Faught is the well known keeper of a Little museum of curiosities on the road between Tarport and Bradford He was nearly 70 years old and quite infirm. His death was erroneously reported a few months ago and he had the pleasure of reading his own obituary

STORIES OF SURVIVORS—INCIDENTS.

J. C. McSweegan, of Row City who escaped with slight injuries, was in the rear end of the coach He says

"I heard a loud explosion before I saw the blaze I knew it was an oil and gas fire did not know what the next would be and rose to my feet. I looked forward and saw that all the sides of the car were on fire. I remained in standing position until the heat became so intense as to cause payment of any just debts myself, I must insist that these accounts doing so shall be paid as soon as possible. I hope every man or woman knowing themselves to be so indebted will consider it a personal personal to themselves and we'll call at once to see "the man-ner, wunn that piper" and get satisfied, in other words, a receipt in full signed by H. F. Barbour.

Heidrewing.

Ed Fisher, cards, pipes, tobacco, wines, etc., made to the best of style. Special attention given to cleaning and dressing ladies' hats. Mrs. A. Starvecint and Mary L. Mahaney, corner King and Union streets, Smethport, Pa. 15-ly

to be in the midst of it! The car immediately with the screaming of women and the yells of men seized me and struck the fire. A number thought we would be safer as soon as we ran through the fire, but they soon saw their mistake. After jumping I soon a man back to flag an engine that was following us."

Another witness of the disaster says to was the grandest and yet the most awful scene that human eyes ever witnessed. For a distance of half a mile the road bed was covered with oil; as points it was over the rails. The moment that the gas came in contact with the fire-box it exploded, fanning the oil. In less than one minute the engine and cars were enveloped in flames, and great, black pillars of smoke ascended heavenward. The driving wheels of the engine, which was dashing along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, scattered the oil over everything. With a rush and roar which might have been heard for a mile, the flames leaped fully 250 feet ahead of the locomotive, which was thus compelled to run through the veritable sea of fire, such as to seldom the fortune of man to witness. It was a terrible race and the only parallel I can remember is the old train which burned up near Brockton N Y., a few years ago. How the engineer, train hands, and the men, women and children escaped, is something that only Providence can explain. It was a sight to make the strongest heart shudder. I never want to see its like again.

Hon. H. Hamlin was so thankful of his narrow escape that he directed that in case of any destitution among survivors a draft for any amount necessary would be honored at his bank.

Mr Fair was in the baggage car when the ladies' coach was burning, and but for the efforts of several men would have dashed in and perished with his wife in the forlorn hope of saving her. His agony was painful to witness.

Instances of heroism were numerous. The brave cowboy who risked his life in the vain attempt to rescue Mrs. Fair deserves especial mention.

The coroner's inquest is still in session at this writing. The testimony thus far has failed to throw any blame upon either the railroad or the Anchor Oil Company employees.

BRADFORD.

A Few Matters on the Town Besides Discovered Upon.

The councils showed good sense and proper notion of the fitness of things in giving the water works contract to home contractors in preference to outsiders. Better to do so, even at an additional cost.

The drop in the market of the first of the week brought mourning to many hearts, of those who were loaded with high priced oil. Among those who were bitten were some of our largest capitalists. But they can stand it better than the speculator who had riched his all.

The presses of our local dailies were crowded to their highest speed Tuesday and Wednesday and then could not supply the eager demand for papers as promptly as was desired. What brought sorrow to many hearts was a financial benefit to the newspaper proprietors—and the newsboys.

David Kirk could not stand it any longer, and has added to his folly by rushing into print (in the Sunday *News*) with a long letter, full of disgusting egotism and a silly parade of his own importance. He was undoubtedly mad when he wrote the letter, and when a man writes for the newspapers under that impulse he invariably makes a fool of it. This rule is never known to fail. Too much attention has already been given to David and his personal opinions. He chances with a brighter lustre in obscurity.

It is worthy of favorable comment that Treasurer Helvie proposes to keep the management of his office practically in his own hands. A great many people, democrats and republicans, believed last fall that because he was financially well fixed he did not care for the emoluments of the office, and while nominally treasurer would let some faithful democrat look after its duties and reap the most of the profits. There are a few here, and I understand several over your way, who really hoped and expected to coin the benefit of the office to which Charley was elected. It is sad for the disappointed aspirants, but the good sense of the treasurer is commendable.

The members of the legislative committee of investigation of the Standard Oil Companies modes of plunder are here in the discharge of their duties, accompanied by the usual reportorial hangers-on. They met with the fate of all great men who visit Bradford—they were wined and dined to their full satisfaction. Senator Emery, with his usual princely hospitality and generosity, gave them a grand reception at his residence on Congress street Wednesday evening. Goodwin furnished the viands and wines, so that there could have been nothing lacking on that score. I am told that the committee, the editor of the Era, the mayor, ex-mayor or newspaper proprietor and one therefore not there or I could tell you more about it. But those who were present say it was a grand occasion.

ALEX.

Greenewald-Levy.

Mr Joseph C. Greenewald, of the firm of Greenewald Brothers, the popular clothiers of Bradford, was married on Tuesday at Wilkesbarre, to Miss Matilda Levy, of the latter place. Jo. has taken plenty of time before deciding upon this important step in life, and we have no doubt has selected as his partner for life the finest of her sex. One thing is certain, the lady of his choice has for herself made a happy selection. Hose men are very deceiving and sensible, but Jo. can be relied upon to the last—in advertising as well as prosperity. The Miner extends congratulations.

Important Notice.

There are yet outstanding accounts due me for subscription, advertising and job work up to January 1, 1884, to the amount of [illegible] crowns. Every dollar of this is justly due me and must be paid. If I could have stolen the paper, ink, &c. and chanted my employees out of their salaries, I could possibly afford to lose or give away these accounts. But I couldn't—or at least didn't. Having no expectation or desire to be able to ex-

EMPORIUM.

A Word of Varied Fortune—Its Present Prospects and Prominent People.

It was our pleasure to spend a few hours a week ago in the town in which we started the first newspaper published in Cameron county. The early growth of Emporium was rapid yet somewhat fictitious. In a few short years its population had reached something over 2000. During this period the business of its mercantile houses had grown to the proportions of those in towns twice its size and every branch of industry seemed to prosper. Later a reaction took place and with the aid of several disastrous conflagrations the town lost its prestige and to a large extent its commercial standing. Recently, however, it has taken a new lease of life, and if we mistake not its growth henceforth will be permanent and its prosperity abiding. Within the past year a very large saw-mill has been erected in the upper end of town which employs many men, and in connection with the tannery near by gives an impetus to the business of that locality which is most gratifying to witness. Just now a large foundry and machine shop is being completed in the centre of the town, an industrial enterprise which will prove of incalculable benefit to the business interests. The Olmsted Bros. have built a very fine business block on Main street during the past season with two immense store rooms on the first floor, one of which they have filled with dry goods and the other will be filled with hardware.

Messrs. Newton and Green, the law firm who represent the company owning most of the land on which the town stands, assured us that there had been a greater demand for borough lots during the past year than for five years previous. This firm of corpulent, fine-looking men, always seem to be full of business, yet they say that collections are not as numerous as formerly, which speaks well for the soundness of the business men of the town.

Capt. J C. Johnson, another leading lawyer of the town is uniformly to be found at his office, when court is not in session, attending to the wants of his many clients. Whether it is his captivating ways or not we cannot say, but he seems to capture the business of all the ladies, not less than four calling on him the afternoon we spent a half hour in his office.

Sam. Hyde (sometimes taken for Rogers, much to his discomfiture) attends to the legal wants of the democracy. When the noon train on the Buffalo road arrives he is always on hand for his bible, the Buffalo *Courier*, (the only one he probably ever looks into) from which he derives his democratic orthodoxy. He is never at a loss for law to defend a good democrat or even a bad republican unless representing the commonwealth, then he will hunt up law that will convict. On the whole Sam. is one of the many good fellows of Emporium.

We found Jonathan Gifford in his sanctum grinding out something readable for the next *Independent*. The truth is that if the democratic party was made up of as good material as Gifford it would be safe to let that party run the government for a while He don't hesitate to toil the free trade cranks of the party to step to the rear Well, Jonathan, if your advice should be followed there would be nothing but republicans left in the country and the fun would be all over. You are trying to educate your party up to a respectable standard, but we fear you have "bitten off more than you can chew."

Brother Gould's business has grown to such magnitude that he has been compelled to get into a larger building. We found him in a regular muss but he claimed with confidence that he would get things in shape in a day or two. If Harry can't straighten things out in a printing office then no man need try, and we think with Gould to look on and Harry to do the work, the next *Press* will come out on time. When we heard what the *Press* printing establishment was paying over and above expenses, we concluded Gould was making more money than any one else in Emporium, excepting always the lawyers.

We have neither time nor space to mention all the old acquaintances we met in our short visit to our sister town, but we cannot close without expressing the pleasure we experienced in grasping the hand of George Dodge who we supposed had gone the way of all the earth years ago, and Leon. Lucore who was by our youngest brother's side when he was shot at the battle of Cedar Mountain early in the war. The latter assured us that he had the fatal ball which caused that brother's death still in his possession and that we should have it, for which we return our deepest gratitude, George Dodge was our only companion through the long woods from the head of Potatoe creek to the mouth of North creek many and many a time, and a most genial companion was he. Although a devoted democrat he was a true patriot and deplored the war which even then had not yet been precipitated upon the country.

A CRASH IN THE DITCH.

A Serious Sunday Morning Accident on the Rochester & Pittsburg.

The new Sunday fast express running between Pittsburg & Rochester on the Rochester & Pittsburg railroad, bound Rochesterward, met with a serious accident Sunday morning at 10.30, one mile and a half north of the Warsaw depot, opposite the Standard salt works, while running at a rapid rate of speed. The train which consisted of a baggage, smoking and ladies' car, with the Pullman sleeper became derailed, by the end switch rail sliding inward and running the flange of the baggage car inside the rail, spreading the track for a dozen lengths. The drawhead connected with the locomotive was instantly pulled and the engineer was unaware the cars were off the track until he saw them topple over one by one. The Westinghouse air brakes, which were set on each car, became detached at once and were almost powerless, as the ice and snow caused the wheels to slide along like a sled-runner some fifteen rods. The baggage, smoker and ladies' car each chose a different deep gully and plunged fore-end first into it, not overturning, however. The Pullman, remained on the road-bed upright and uninjured. The train was a light one, containing but half a dozen passengers beside the train men.

Conductor Luddington was badly injured in the back by a broken seat; a young boy suffered several bad contusions about the head and back; the rest miraculously escaping severe injury, but were more or less bruised or sprained.

The bursting of the cars after leaving the track was terrific, running as they did one side in the ditch and the other on the ties. The stoves were burning high, but held their fires. The damage to the rolling stock is about $10,000.

The railroad company is exonerated from all blame, the accident being caused by ice resulting from the present extreme cold weather.

Teachers, Take Notice.

The following is the programme of exercises at the fourth regular meeting of the McKean County Teacher's Association, to be held at Kendall Creek, Pa., on Friday and Saturday, January 25th and 26th, 1884:

FRIDAY—10 a. m.

Opening exercises, singing, etc.
Address of welcome, C. O. Longfellow, Kendall
Response, Prof. James Train, Smethport.
Select reading, by Miss M. M. Browne, Detroit, Mich.
Miscellaneous business.
Noon—One and one-half hours.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Singing.
A paper, "Are Teacher's Institutes any longer a necessity?" W. R. Cooper, Alton, Pa.
Discussion of last paper.
Geography talks, S. D. Green, Allegheny City, Pa.
"Mistakes," W. P. Eckels, Kane, Pa.
"Methods of teaching history," Thomas Firth, Custer City, Pa.
Recess—Fifteen minutes.
"Theory and practice," Prof. E. Horton, Port Allegany, Pa.
"What is school management?" Miss Simpson, Eldred, Pa.
"Compulsory education: are we ready for it?" Affirmative—J. S. Parke, Kendall. Negative—C. W. Pearsall, Bixford.

EVENING SESSION.

Singing.
Select reading, Miss Mary Simpson, Eldred.
Lecture, "Natural science without text books." Prof. Geo. F. Stone, Bradford.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

"The organization of primary schools," Miss E. Horton, Port Allegany, Pa.
"The teaching of elocution," Miss M M Browne, Detroit, Mich.
"Errors of the common school system," J. J. McCarty, Duke Centre.
Question Box—Conducted by H. O. Campbell, Superintendent.
Discussion—"Ought any educational restriction to be placed upon the right of suffrage?" Affirmative—T. F Driscoll. Negative—M. M. Hopkins.
Miscellaneous business.
Adjournment.

But three teachers responded to the earnest solicitation of the secretary at the last county institute and subsequently through the columns of the county press. If we have not an interesting session it is not the fault of the secretary in not providing an attractive list of subjects, as a matter of course. Now, teachers, it lies with you. The programme alone will not determine the whole work of the session. If it be not practical, come loaded to the muzzle with red-hot shot. Pour your questions, your experiences, your difficulties and troubles before the assembled body of teachers and say, "Here, help me out." Our common cause expects every man to do his duty, and the women.

L. M. Fleming, Sec'y.
J. J. McCarty, Pres't.
Duke Centre, Pa., Jan. 15, 1884.

Largest Stock

Clothing, Hats—Greenewalds', opposite the Riddell House, Bradford, Pa.

Will be Better Than Ever.

Our old friend, L. Rogers, has bought the McKean Miner of H. F. Barbour, and took possession last week. Mr. Barbour continues on the paper for the present. We need scarcely add that the Miner in charge of two such able writers and sterling republicans, can hardly fail to be better, if possible, than ever. It will lead just where the 4,000 McKean republicans will do well to follow.—Warren *Mail*.

NECKWEAR and Furnishing Goods—Greatest Variety—Greenewalds', Largest Clothiers and Hatters. Opposite Riddell House, Bradford, Pa.

Another Old Veteran Gone.

In Hamilton township, McKean county, Pa., Jan. 9, 1884, died James W. Cobbett.

Comrade Cobbett enlisted from Bradford township in the "three months' service," served his time out and then re-enlisted under Gen. Kane in the famous Bucktails and served in that regiment till October, 1863, when his once iron constitution gave way and he was transferred to the invalid corps, where he continued to serve till the fall of 1865. He was in the service 4 years and 8 months and made a good record as a soldier, and as all good soldiers make good citizens, he was respected by all who knew him He was one of the noblest works of God—an honest man. In '67 or '68 he married one of the daughters of Charles Bartholomew. The bereaved wife, a daughter about 14 and a son 12 years of age, are called to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father. Although he suffered for over a year, he has borne his afflictions with that same fortitude which characterized our boys while on the field. Notwithstanding we had one of the most severe snow storms that has visited us in many years, the funeral was largely attended, a large delegation being present from Warren county to pay their last respects to an honored citizen. I know there are a good many comrades in McKean county who will learn with regret of the death of comrade Cobbett. But, comrades, it will not be long till we have all answered the last roll call.

I want to give an incident of the battle of Gettysburg as given to me by comrade Cobbett, a few weeks before his death Our left rested on Little Round Top Mountain, and held by a division of regulars under Gen. Sykes. On the morning of the 3d Lee made a vigorous assault upon this almost impregnable position when the brave regulars gave way and commenced to retreat. Then the Bucktails were ordered up to stay the tide of victory now setting in favor of the rebs. As they passed, the retreating regulars cried out, "Boys, you won't stay there very long!" The rebs had already placed a battery on the top of the mountain, but before they could get their guns in position the Bucktails were on them and took charge of their battery and turned the guns upon the now fleeing rebs, planted their banner firmly on Little Round Top, where they stayed all day, the predictions of the regulars to the contrary, notwithstanding.

L. Palmiter.

Ludlow, Pa., Jan. 12, 1884.

FALL OVERCOATS—Greenewalds', Bradford.

Obituary.

Celia, youngest daughter of Michael and Mary Miller, aged 14 years and 2 months, died Saturday, the 12th inst., of diphtheria. The deceased was formerly a resident of Wilcox, Elk Co., but for the past two years had resided on Marvin Creek where she became a general favorite. None knew her but to love her. The remains were taken to Wilcox for interment, and the bereaved parents, brother and sister have the sympathy of the entire community. Oh, how hard to part with those we love. She was visited by her spiritual adviser and prepared herself for death, passing away as if going on a pleasant journey, saying she was not afraid. May she rest in peace.

Com.

Prosperous and Well Managed.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Coudersport & Port Allegany railroad on Monday a most satisfactory showing of the business of the road was made, sufficient to authorize the declaring of a dividend of five per cent. This speaks well for the first year, and is largely if not wholly due to the efficient management of Superintendent McClure. The following officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year:

President, F. W. Knox; Vice President, C. V. B. Bass; Secretary, A. B. Mann; Treasurer, M. W. Bass; Directors, F. H. Arnold, B. D. Hamlin, C. S. Cary, F. H. Root, Isaac Benson, A. G. Olmsted, W. K. Jones.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FALL STYLES FALL STYLES

GREENEWALDS'

124 Main Street, Bradford, Penn'a.

GREENEWALDS'

MEN'S BUSINESS SUITS

GREENEWALDS'

Men's Dress Suits

GREENEWALDS'

MEN'S WORKING SUITS

GREENEWALDS'

BOYS AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

GREENEWALDS'

FINE FURNISHING GOODS

GREENEWALDS

Hats—SOFT AND STIFF—Hats

GREENEWALDS'

OVERCOATS—FALL—OVERCOATS

GREENEWALDS'

LARGEST STOCK! LOWEST PRICES!

GREENEWALDS'

No Misrepresentations!

Money Refunded!

GREENEWALDS',

124 Main Street, Opposite Riddell House,

BRADFORD, PA.

FALL STYLES. FALL STYLES.

THE BEST

IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST IN THE END.

THE LARGEST and FINEST

STOCK OF GOODS

Ever Brought to Bradford by Myself or Any Other Merchant has Just Been Received and Opens.

No Garment Permitted to be Taken Away Unless it is Perfect in all Respects.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS!

J. G. HABERNIGG,

THE FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 8 Washington St., BRADFORD, PA.

New Goods Just Received

At D. C. YOUNG'S.

IMMENSE STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Complete Line of

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

And Full Stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES,

All of which were bought CHEAP FOR CASH, and will be sold accordingly.

CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK—NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 26, 1883. D. C. YOUNG.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. F. Richmond & Son,

Druggists and Pharmacists,

No. 34 Main Street,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

All chemicals might not be recognized with strange-looking names unless specially mentioned, we might omit.

DRUGS,

PATENT MEDICINES.

School Books, Blank Books.

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

MAIL'S DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT THE

DRUG & BOOK STORE

—OF—

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Smethport, Pa.

W. T. CALLAR,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS & MEDICINES!

TOILET ARTICLES,

Stationery, Etc., Etc.

—ALSO, DEALER IN—

Wines & Liquors.

General Insurance Agency.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

W. T. CALLAR,
SMETHPORT, PA

and

C. V. CILLIS,

dealer in

Drugs & Medicines

PAINTS, OILS,

FANCY GOODS, &C.

KANE PA.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

SMETHPORT, PA.

COPYING & ENLARGING

A specialty.

Landscaping and Viewing

Picture Frames of all Kinds.

BERGSTRESSER'S

W. W. RUSS. E. W. RUSS.

W. W. RUSS & SON,

—Dealers in—

FURNITURE,

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

Repairing and Upholstering Done.

No. 45 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PENN'A.

☞ We guarantee that parties wishing furniture can do as well with us as any house in Smethport or their native city.

Specht & Sasso,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st., N. Y.

MILK! MILK! MILK!

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his new premises are nearly completed, and that on Monday, February 4, he will establish a

NEW MILK ROUTE!

Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk,

At 6 Cents a Quart

in 24 Spring, when the price will be reduced. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Wm. Ramer.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1884.

J. C. HAMLIN,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.

CUTLERY,

AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,

SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.

JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

☞ Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not lower than they can get them in any other store in the country.

SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

MASONIC HALL

FURNITURE STORE!

Specht & Sasso

We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with

FURNITURE

of all kinds and of

PRICE AND QUALITY

to suit the purchaser.

Undertaking in all its branches.

Well and Complete Line of

WALL PAPER!

Constantly on Hand.

Friends and patrons are invited

CALL AND SEE US

in our location, and

Look at our Stock

SPECHT & SASSE,

Main St., Smethport, Pa.

NEW

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

Having recently opened a meat and Vegetable market in

SMETHPORT!

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c., always on hand.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

Highest market price paid for Hides.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, - Smethport, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

McKean County Miner

"TO LET."

"No," said Mrs. Powers, "I will not have a 'To Let' on the house. I am a descendant of the ancient family of the Brobdignags, and I do not choose to forego the privileges of long descent."

"But, mother," said Jeanette, ready to burst into tears, "what are we to do? The landlord has some privileges, I suppose, as well as we! And since you have determined to take a cottage to Fordham for the summer—"

"Not that I have any objections," said Mrs. Powers, loftily waving her daughter's remonstrances away, "to any strictly respectable party viewing the premises at reasonable hours. What I mean is, that I decline to have my house placarded up like a bargain at a dry goods store. And I have told the landlord so. And if Barnes sees a "To Let" on the door post, she has strict orders to go out and remove it with a scrubbing brush and a pail of warm water."

"Mamma is so inexplicable," said Louisa, the younger daughter, who was herself well over the thirties.

"Of course," sighed Jeanette, "if a house is to let, it's to let."

"The blood of the Brobdignags has never yet been subjected to insult," said Mrs. Powers, with her Roman nose high in the air, "and it never shall be!"

Mrs. Feltham Powers uttered to her word. Twice, during the morning, a young man with a blue pencil necktie and a pencil behind his ear, came and paused up the obnoxious square of paper with the Gog Magog list letters which the descendant of the Brobdignags could so ill tolerate; twice Barnes rubbed forth, as soon as he had turned the corner, and obliterated every trace of it. Jeanette cried. Louisa laughed. Mrs. Powers sat like an empress in her easy chair and did crewel-work.

Until, toward dusk, the young man requested special audience of the old lady.

"Now, ma'am, can leave," said he. 'This 'ere ain't business. And car governor, he's dumbfounded."

"Your expressions, young man," said Mrs. Powers, "are incomprehensible to me. If you are the bearer of any errand, you will please to communicate it at once."

"It's a judicial court offense, ma'am," said the young man, "to tear down the landlord's bills."

Mrs. Powers went calmly on with her crewel-work; Louisa and Jeanette exchanged terrified glances.

"But," added the messenger, "Mr. Betts says as how, if you've got an insuperable objection to them bills, he'll send people between two and four—only neat, bona-fide customers, ma'am. Will that do? And we won't put up no notice."

Mrs. Powers reflected for a moment or two, and then remarked, frigidly, that she supposed it would have to do.

And the young man with the blue plaid necktie and the pencil behind his ear went away rejoicing.

At ten o'clock precisely the next day there appeared a new actor upon the scene. Barnes came shuffling up stairs with the things that a man wanted to use the scissors.

"I do not propose to show every impertinent stranger over the place," said Mrs. Powers. "You may tell him so, Barnes."

"Please, ma'am," said Barnes, "I said him wouldn't I to as well. And he said no. He wanted to see Mrs. Powers herself."

Mrs. Powers arose, adjusted the ribbons in her cap, took off her eyeglasses and smiled down the stairs like a United States revenue cutter under full headway.

The sheets of music were scattered over the piano, just as Louisa had left them when she fled precipitately at the sound of the door bell; the stranger was seated behind the couch, behind the blower, and yesterday's banquet was still in the air. Altogether, the room was comfortless enough, as Mr. John Johnson stood in the middle of it. His hat under his arm, his portly figure outlined against the window from which Barnes had just been taking down the curtains.

"I called, ma'am"—began Mr. Johnson.

"Preliminaries are needless," said Mrs. Powers, with a wave of the hand. "I am quite cognizant of your business, sir."

"Oh!" said Mr. Johnson. "I didn't know—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Powers. "We have been so tormented with applicants—"

"Eh, have you?" said Mr. Johnson. "I was given to understand that I was the first one."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Powers. "If there has been one person here on the same business, there has been a dozen!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Johnson, in a pleased way.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Powers. "I know all about it. If you decide in the affirmative, you will have but a bad bargain of it."

"I didn't expect to hear anything of the sort," said Mr. Johnson.

"It is not usual, I believe," said Mrs. Powers, "but I feel it neither more or less than my duty to warn all strangers. Of course you have been deluded with false representations and glittering generalities. I speak the truth. A moldy old thing, tottering to the very foundations; sadly in need of paint, and, I regret to add, infested with vermin."

"Madam!" shouted Mr. Johnson, "I will not stand here and listen to these foul aspersions on one who is so good and pure as she is beautiful."

Mrs. Powers retreated behind the big book case, appalled by the sudden apprehension that she was confronting—a maniac.

"And I am amazed to listen to such remarks from the lips of her own mother, also!" continued Mr. Johnson. "All I ask is to see her for myself—to ensure her how little all these cruel aspersions affect my constancy. If ever a human creature wore the angelic shape, it is my Louisa!"

At this moment Miss Louisa herself came in, her crimps loosened from the curling kalopine, the calico wrapper exchanged for a more becoming garment of pale blue cashmere, laced with quilled satin.

"Mamma, she cried, 'what is the matter? John!' with a well simulated start of amazement, 'this is never you!'

Mrs. Powers, slowly remembering her opportunity once more, emerged cautiously from behind the edge of the book-case.

"There is some most extraordinary advertising here," said she. "This gentleman, then, is not an itinerant viewer of cornfields—in other words, a horse-hunter."

"What on earth should I have horses for, Malam?" said Mr. Johnson, waxing a little irritable, "when I've got a good red brick mansion of my own, with gas, water and steam heat all complete."

"Mamma," said Louisa, prettily embarrassed, "Mr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson allow me to present you to my daughter, Jeanette. Jeanette, this is my intended husband."

"I should think it was!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. "I came here to ask permission to pay my addresses to Miss Louisa Powers, and I am told, with no more ceremony than one would expect from a chimney-sweep, that she is a muddy old thing, and wants paint, and nobody knows what else!"

"—I meant the house!" stammered Mrs. Powers, for once losing the self-possession which had always distinguished this descendant of the Brobdignags. "Good gracious me—the idea of Louisa, there, being—moldy! Why, just look at her!"

Mr. Johnson did look at Louisa. Louisa looked at him. Both burst out laughing. For the fair damsel in question, although she was two-and-thirty, was still rosy, fresh and blooming, with a little dimple in her left cheek and a figure as trim as that of any chit of eighteen.

"Pray accept my apologies, sir, said Mrs. Powers, gradually recovering her empress-like mein.

"I'll accept anything, ma'am," said the good natured bachelor, 'if you will consent to my marrying this lovely creature.'

"Don't, John," simpered Louisa.

"But it's the truth," stoutly declared Mr. Johnson, 'and I'd like to hear any one dispute it!"

And this little love passage was cut short by a ring at the door bell and the sound of a hoarse voice, enquiring, 'Is this the house to let?'

The Powers family went to Fordham on the first of May to reside in an envying little cottage, where them were more honeysuckles than modern convenience; but the fair Louisa did not accompany them. She, as a bride, took possession of the red brick house, with the steam-heat and patent ventilation all complete.

'Sal, dear me,' said Jeanette, when she was helping drape the white muslin curtains in Mrs. Johnson's boudoir, 'how near mamma came to breaking up the match.'

'Nothing could have broken up the match,' said Mrs. Johnson, calmly. 'Dear John loved me too well for that. And John loved me too well for that. And the ro's one thing to be thankful for—we shall never be troubled with our own or our own premises, so that the house can never, by any possibility, be "To Let."'—*Shirley Browne.*

General Langner.

Among the list of distinguished military heroes the names of General Langner or Debility do not appear. Yet, it is a well authenticated fact, that there are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats feebly in the arteries. The spirit of the individual is sluggy, and the whole tendency of the body is toward rest and decay. At such times and during such seasons, the system needs toning up by the use of some good and pure tonic which will restore the organs to the wanted state. Such a tonic is found in Ferrum, which is acknowledged by all to be the very thing to put these famous generals to rout, and to ultimately conquer them. Read the following testimonial, which shows in what estimation Ferrum is held, and then send for the book entitled the "Ills of Life."

COAL CENTER, Pa.—Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co.: We sell your medicine, Ferrum, and have a very large trade in it.

C. PIPER & CO.

JNO. GRIFFIN, Superintendent of the Phoenix Iron Company, who died at Phoenixville a few days since, was the inventor of the Griffin gun, which was such a popular piece of ordnance during the late war.

My mother began gaining from first dose of Dr. Graves' Heart regulator. She is rid of those bad feelings about her heart now, the relief is permanent, other remedies only helped for a few moments. Ellen Clara Beadle, Lawton, Mich. $1 per bottle at druggists.

It is said that "Satan is ever watching to find us unemployed." The gentleman referred to never watches newspaper rates. It would be a waste of valuable time.

Mr. Wm. H. Morrison, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I found Brown's Iron Bitters to be a great appetizer and restorative medicine.

Wm. Fitzsimmons, a freight conductor on the Buffalo division of the Lake Shore & Michigan Railroad, has fallen heir to a large real estate in Scotland. The first installment of $5000 has reached him.

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER—For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form and during the summer with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle. Have had no return of the complaint. Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y. Price 50 cents per bottle.

PAINEDRIDGE are frequently seen in the streets of Petersburg, Huntingdon county. They have been driven in by hunger, the ground being covered with three feet of snow.

Eating and Starving.

It is all the same, for you are sure to suffer from piles. No worse a torture can be conceived of. Blind or itching piles are regarded for annoyance, but by a few applications of Parmelee's Pile Suppositories they entirely disappear. The knife is often resorted to by physicians for the removal of protruding piles, but such barbarity is not a necessity for Parmelee's Pile Suppositories used according to directions, quickly reduce, replace and drive them away. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. F. Richmond & Son.

At Home and Abroad.

At church and theatre, in the counting house and work room, in fact everywhere is heard that hacking cough which soon develops into congestion or inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia, or consumption. Be wise in time. Immediate relief and cure can be cheaply obtained. Hamilton's Cough Balsam will surely give you relief from that throat and lung trouble that often terminate in death. Instant relief in croup, and a sublimer of whooping cough. Your consumptive friend will be greatly benefitted. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. F. Richmond & Son.

WM. HIGGS, of Huntingdon, recently sold his 10-year-old daughter for three drinks of whisky. The child refused to go with her purchaser, and was cruelly beaten by her father.

OUT ON THE PRAIRIE.

CONCERNING SOMETHING BETTER THAN MEDICINE, WIDELY KNOWN—AND THE REASONS WHY.

What a certain commissary general succeeded in the Duke of Wellington that he thought Peruvian Bark declared is sung Theodore Preston had declared of yesterday's dinner—that the nations for that generous host, the worst food distressing at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah, did he indeed go so far as that! Did he say he'd hang me?"

"Well, General Picton is just the man to hang his word. You'd better get the rascal up in time."

But to our reasons for speaking thus quite time and over again. Some of them we have had on them. The Travelers said about the order which he had brought at common and brought home to his wife.

"And anything about a business, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

"Why, my dear, you know wholesale drug house of William Rice, 24 Pine St., can only say, Mr. Hostetter, the principal part of whose business is the sale of his celebrated STOMACH BITTERS. A dose of this TONIC of late would be of very great benefit to my constitution, and I unhesitatingly recommend to you that medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Called from the realm of reasons why Mr. Hostetter's STOMACH BITTERS is a medicine of great value, PARKER'S TONIC is undoubtedly a good remedy. It corrects the disordered stomach, it invigorates the feeble constitution, it gives tone and vigor to the nervous system, it purifies the blood, it is a perfect remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaints, and nothing has ever given such perfect satisfaction in all cases of debility, lack of energy, the alkali basis, and many diseases and disorders. Indeed, these and many diseases and disorders. Indeed, these and many diseases and disorders. Indeed, these